

The Nightmare That Never Was

by SuperNoobGalaxy

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Summary: This is what would've probably happened if the Master Chief had gotten infected by the Flood and turned into a war machine bent on raining hell on everything in the universe. We're telling this camp fire story style! ... sort of. One-shot. - Enjoy and review!

The Nightmare That Never Was

(A/N: Possibly my 4**th**** fanfic, and my first oneshot. We're telling this camp fire story style! As I said in the description, this is what would've happened if John 117 had gotten nom nom'd by the Flood. This takes place during Halo 2, where the Gravemind was at its peak. Here we go. Enjoy. Kudos to the person who made the picture of John-117 if he DID get nom nom'd by an Infection Form, this is sort-of based off of that. I do not own Halo.)**

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><p>Somewhere on Earth, 9:02 P.M.

A group of Marines who were off-duty were sitting around a camp fire in the middle of a forest, chatting and roasting marshmallows.

"Hey, does anyone remember when we were on Installation 05?" A Marine blurted out loud. His comrades just groaned.

"Don't remind us of Installation 05, it was horrible." A Marine replied.

"Relax, Chuck. They won't be on Earth." Another Marine said.

"Easy for you to say, Mark." Chuck said.

"Relax, relax. I got a camp fire story to tell you all." The same Marine that asked about Installation 05 said.

"Well, go on! Tell us your little camp fire story!" Chuck said.

"Wait, hold on. Let me get some water first." A Marine said, who goes by the name of Chris.

All the Marines sat down when they were ready. There were about 34 off-duty Marines.

"Okay. Before I start, who here knows about the legendary Spartans?" The Marine at the front asked.

Every Marine raised their hand.

"Well, this will involve a SPARTAN." The Marine at the front said.

Every other Marine paid close attention.

"This is called, _The Nightmare that Never Was_." The Marine at the front said.

* * *

><p>(AN: This is the story the Marine told the others, except without the Marine's lines until the next bit.)**

John-117 was busy mowing down a bunch of Flood Infection Forms, with dual SMGs. He had been fighting to get to somewhere that nobody knew about.

Then he turned around.

An Infection Form had somehow snuck up behind him and managed to break the visor in time and climb into his suit.

John-117 yelled and screamed as the Infection Form had started to nom him a little and then take control of him. Pretty soon, John-117 was under control of the Flood Infection Form, the antenna-like things poking out near his neck. John-117 dropped his dual SMGs and picked up an Assault Rifle, two of his fingers on his left hand growing into sharp and long claws, though somehow not breaking his suit. The face of John-117 had turned green and foggy from the Infection Form taking control of him. John-117 was now a mind-controlled war machine that had shields. He started to follow his fellow Flood-infected Marines and Covenant, and started to wreak havoc, eventually making it to Earth and further spreading the Flood, with the Marines being unable to stop him, and Earth falls, the other planets in the Milky Way Galaxy starting to fall as well as the Flood have gained control of the UNSC's 2nd most dangerous weapon: Sierra John-117.

* * *

><p>The Marines were scared shitless, even the storyteller.<p>

"Relax, that's never gonna happen." The Marine at the front said.

"But if it did happen?" Chuck asked, scared as hell.

"It'll never happen. John-117's visor can't break!" The Marine at the front said. "Now, let's all go to sleep, shall we?" He added, rolling onto his sleeping bag as someone put the fire out. The Marines all went to sleep.

"Hehâ€| at least it can't happen." The Marine that was telling the story said. He closed his eyes.

â€| then the figure of John-117 appeared. But he wasn't the same way he was. He was exactly like the story had mentioned.

The Marine jolts his eyes open as John-117 stared down at the Marineâ€| the story had come true.

* * *

><p>(AN: WELL THAT WAS SOMEWHAT ODD TO DO. Anyways, kudos to the person who made the picture if John-117 actually got infected by a Flood Infection Form. That would've fucked up the players if he was an actual enemy in ANY of the Halo games, and would obviously be very damn hard to beat since he's a Spartan with two claws, a gun, and shields. I hope you enjoyed this one-shot. I'll be putting more stories on here later. Thanks for viewing!
â€"SuperNoobGalaxy)**

End
file.